

GEE AITCH 43

No. 58. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Saturday, July 12, 1919

Frank Newman Company Here Tonight

The Frank Newman Company, which has appeared here on the local stage many times before, will present "Artist's Models" at the theatre tonight. This company has played here before, to full houses and has met with the approval of everyone. These shows have been of first class variety and an overcrowded house is expected. Everybody early now and get your seats. Doors open promptly at 7:00 P. M.

BASEBALL GAMES.

Saturday—Post vs. Ft. Monroe, at Fort Monroe.

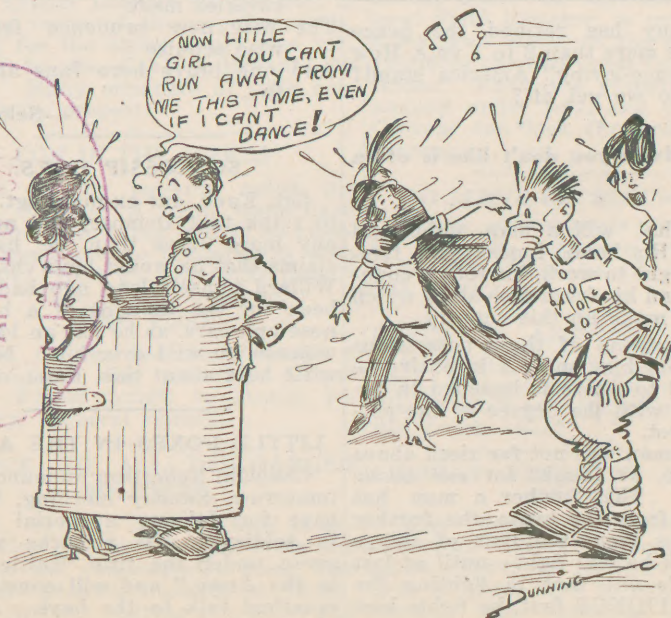
Sunday—Post vs. Embarkation Hospital, at Camp Stuart.

W. C. C. S. SHOW PLEASES.

The pictures and acts furnished by the War Camp Community Service of Newport News Thursday evening was well received by a large audience in our theatre.

THE G. I. CAN

By Dunning



GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday,
and devoted to the interests of
General Hospital No. 43, Hamp-
ton, Va.

Official Staff:

Lieut. Colonel W. H. Richardson,
commanding officer.
R. M. Snyder, Red Cross field
director.

Staff:

Editor.....Sergeant H. M. Hanson
Cartoonist, Pvt. 1st c. M. A. Dunning
Reporter.....Pvt. 1st c. I. A. Noble

Officer of the Day:

Lieut. Hankin.

Saturday, July 12, 1919.

Germany has ratified the peace
pact by a more than 2 to 1 vote. How
does "Peace-loving" America stand?
Where do we get off?

* * *

The advice you don't like is often
the best.

* * *

For what will a man fight and
strive? His home, himself, his fam-
ily, his right to work, his fellow coun-
trymen and his freedom—all of which
together make up this country.

Take anyone of these possessions
away from him and his incentive to
fight and to strive is lessened in ac-
cordance with the degree of the pos-
session lost.

When man was not far risen above
the brute, he fought for self above
all else. The further a man has
traveled from the brute, the further
self drops from the lists of things
for which he will fight—until at last
man finds out that in fighting for
OTHER THINGS first, he fights best
for self.

"He who lets his country die, lets

all things die," said a great orator,
and he concluded, "He who saves his
country, all things save"!

* * *

Let every man who has worn the
uniform adopt for himself these plain
rules of action:

"I will not do anything myself
which makes it harder for a fellow
American to win for himself a livli-
hood."

"I will not vote for and will op-
pose, any candidate and any measure
of any political party, that makes it
harder for my fellow Americans to
win and support homes and families.
I will try, earnestly, honestly, in my
business, in my policies, in my re-
ligion, to make it easier in my town,
my state, and my country, for my
friends, my neighbor, my country-
men to make enough money to buy
enough land to build homes of their
own.

* * *

By mutual confidence and mutual aid
Great deeds are done and great dis-
coveries made

The wise new prudence from the
wise acquire

And one brave hero fans another's
fire.

—Selected.

SO GOSSIP GOES.

Sgt. Kane, our ex-night sgt., seems
to think that Dempsey did not have
any more nerve than he has. He
claims that he would have challenged
Willard himself long ago had it not
been for the thought of a battered
nose and ears, as he has an idea that
wimmin go wild over him. Now, let
wifie hear about this, Kane, old boy.

LITTLE FOXES IN THE ARMY.

Chaplain Robertson announces that
tomorrow, Sunday* morning, he will
have for delivery a special sermon
to soldiers. His remarks will be
given under the title "Little Foxes
in the Army," and will constitute a
practical talk to the boys. All are
given a cordial invitation to be pres-
ent.

HAMPTON IN OPEN STREET DANCE.

Several thousand people gathered in South King street, Hampton, last night and danced with joy over the return to Hampton, Phoebus and Elizabeth City County of the five hundred or more men sent out by this section to the war with Germany. The occasion was the home coming reception to the former sailors and soldiers from the people of the county, Hampton and Phoebus. And such a home-coming will be long remembered.

Prior to the block dancing in S. King street, the former service men assembled in St. John's Parish House, where they were served a splendid banquet. The hall had been most tastefully and attractively decorated, while the menu, arranged by the Red Cross Society, contained many good things to eat. Very pretty program cards were found at each plate.

The Fort Monroe orchestra played during and before the banquet, while Song Leader Lehman led the men in singing many of the popular songs. Music for the street dance was furnished by the General Hospital 43 band. Many members of this hospital were present.

FUN IN THE WARDS.

One of the patients asked the Ward Surgeon if teeth were fixed here and upon being told so he handed a small saw to the surgeon with the talk, "Here get 'em to fix these."

RING LOST.

Lost, on the hospital grounds, a signet-locket ring sometime Thursday. Finder return to Dental Infirmary. Liberal reward.

NOTICE TO ALL DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

Sgt. 1st c. S. Herring Kidd is anticipating an early release from the service and contemplates going into the fish packing business at Hampton. Anyone desiring a position and good salary will please get in touch with him at his office.

SHADES OF ISAAC WALTON.

Little shades, big shades and more shades went a fishing on the Rex X yacht in the Roads yesterday morning. They caught little fish, big fish and more fish. The biggest things were the stories they had to tell upon their return 'long about noon. Some had seen sharks, of dimensions that exceeded the yacht, others saw only the brine and others caught fish—Not lucky, but industrious.

The party numbering about forty, nurses, officers, patients and corpsmen were guests of the Red Cross and left about 8 A. M., returning a bit ahead of mid-day, reporting a truly big time. The K. of C. volunteered serving nifty refreshments on the boat.

BIG DOINGS PLANNED.

A fete that will top any evening entertainment yet given on this Post, is planned by the Red Cross for next Friday evening, July 18th.

All local Red Cross men will unite forces, under the direction of the local Field Director, in putting over a big lawn party, on the grassy plot adjoining the Red Cross Convalescent House. Extensive preparations are already under way, and Community Citizens can look forward to a big evening.

TO SERVE REFRESHMENTS.

Dainty refreshments are in order for patients, corpsmen and visitors at the Red Cross Convalescent House this afternoon.

BURDETTE ANSWERS QUERRY.

as to which vehicle his girl liked best: "The Motor-Cycle, by all means! Why? NOT so commonly public as the Yacht,—See?"

LIBRARY ASSISTANT FOR MISS LEITCH.

Miss Roberta Meredith, of the American Library Association Dispatch Office, in Newport News, is here to assist Miss Leitch, local Librarian. Miss Meredith will spend four days each week at the local library. Her home is in California.

IN MEMORY OF A SINGLE PAST.

(Dedicated to Sgt. Hendricks).
 There's a long, long trail to Dayton,
 "Until my dreams will all come true,"
 But July 14th is not far off,
 And I'll be hiking, too—
 My sweetest girl and I were dream-
 ing
 Of many happy days to dawn
 But the darned old war came in
 sneaking
 And parted us for so long.
 Yet the day is now a-coming,
 When our dreams will come true,
 (a sigh)
 There is nothing now that can hold
 me,
 I'll be married in July.

Good-bye single life forever,
 You have nothing for me to live;
 "Stick," I must, with Uncle Sam,
 'tis a pleasure,
 Yet I need the happiness woman
 only can give.

Good-bye, boys, it will not be long,
 Before I'll be back and bring a
 wifey along,
 So happy I am, it's hard to believe,
 I'll be married before long,— so
 Sgt. please give me my Leave.
 —By Hosp. Sgt. Arnold Kohler.

ATTENTION!

Save Wednesday evening, July 16,
 for a ripping good time in Phoebus.

BACK FROM PASS.

Pvt. 1st c. Roy Rankin, of detach-
 ment office fame, has returned from
 a visit of the "Gay white way" of
 Dixon City, Penna.

WITH CASTLE CARELESS.

Smokers will be pleased to hear
 that the prices of cigarettes in the
 commissary will take a big drop. This
 is due to the fact that the internal
 Revenue tax will no longer be added.
 Consequently, a 12-cent package of
 Camels will, in about two weeks, cost
 7 cents. (Too good to be true).

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.

"A little learning is a dangerous
 thing" so runs an old adage, which
 is hardly true with regard to the
 present day work among the soldiers
 of General Hospital 43, through the
 Educational Department. Rather
 should the saying read "No learning
 is a dangerous thing."

The men show an eagerness for
 knowledge and a regularity in attend-
 ance which is gratifying. Being
 strong men, they do not hesitate to
 wrestle with the problems that are
 set before them. This is inspiring,
 and might be likened to the wrestling
 of the Hebrew patriarch with the
 angel, and his refusal to let the angel
 go until he had blessed him.

Because of early responsibilities,
 some of the men who come to the
 Educational Department, were oblig-
 ed to put aside the chance of an edu-
 cation; some neglected it, not realiz-
 ing its importance. Their thought
 might have been that "down on the
 farm" or in their home town, they
 were getting by. The shortcomings
 in their learning were revealed to
 them, when suddenly transported
 from their childhood environment,
 they found themselves in the battle
 country of the great war, often un-
 able to read instructions or to write
 a letter home. Their travels in these
 lands also helped to open their eyes
 and they have returned to their
 native land with a determination to
 avail themselves of the government's
 assistance towards getting an educa-
 tion.

One of the really good results that
 have loomed up as an outcome of the
 war is the awakening that has come
 to our American boys, who never
 realized before that their failure to
 secure an education would surely be
 a handicap to them in winning their
 rightful place as useful citizens, and
 prosperous.

—F. D., "Kentucky."

WITH US AGAIN.

After spending a rip roaring time,
 with no regrets, Sgt. 1st c. Joseph L.
 Brown comes back to us with many
 tales of the "dear ole home to'n."